

After the Swim

Yola Gray

After swimming I sat on the hot concrete to dry
Smiling, happy, content.
And when I got up I looked
at the wet imprint I had left behind and said:
Dear God, let that not be the size of my arse!
But it was!
I might have inherited my red-haired father's fair skin,
his tendency to stress over the slightest thing.
But I inherited my mother's arse.
The Papuan arse.
It is not unlike the Tolai arse
Although differing in shape (perhaps texture)
they are both large.
I haven't gone swimming since.